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Regina Mingotti.

THE "SONTAG" OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

"Signora Regina Mingotti, one of the chief ornaments of the vocal band at Dresden, early one fine morning presents herself before me, preceded only by her fame, accompanied by all the bewitching graces of youth, vivacity and talents, and, what is still worse, entitled to the chief credit of the success of my *'Attilio Regolo'* in Dresden."—*Metastasio to the Princess di Belmonte, 1751.*

The last glimmering of day shot in faint beams of light through the stained glass windows of the Chapel of the Ursuline Convent at Graetz. It was the Festival of the Sacred Heart, and the sonorous voice of the Abbess rang out in a clear solo, the last verse of the hymn "Cor Arca":

"Haurietis aquas in gaudio
De fontibus Salvatoris."

"With joy ye shall draw waters
From the Saviour's fountains;"

and the nuns responded "Alleluia." The abbess seemed inspired as she chanted the verse, and the little chapel resounded with the rich notes of her voice. The nuns, whose long black robes, and snowy veils, made them seem in the twilight like spectres, looked at each other with an expression that almost amounted to admiration.

She was a fine looking woman about mid-age, but her whole appearance left the impression that some great sin or sorrow had touched her; and mortality cannot touch sin, or suffer sorrow without bearing its traces forever. There are some who seem to bear on the very surface, as it were, the marks of all their souls have suffered, as some mountains when rent asunder are said to exhibit on their hard crystalline superficies the symbol of a perpetual fear—a trembling turned to stone.

It was only when singing the chants and hymns of the service, that the Abbess showed any emotion; the lofty and beautiful, though irregular, melodies of those sublime Psalms appeared to reach an inner nature that responded passionately to their sounds.

The last note of the "Alleluia" rested on the ear, and the evening service was closed, but "Signora Madre," as the abbess was called, remained still before the organ, unconscious of everything around her. A slight, pale nun, about her own age, with a steady, self-collected air, that was just kept from being hard by a tender mouth, and calm, soft eye and voice, stepped out of the group of *religieuses*, and spoke a few words in low, silvery Italian to the Abbess. She started, gazed around her, but recollected herself almost immediately.

"Grazia, mia Benedicita," she said, in a gracious voice, then rising from the organ seat, gathered her robes and veil around her, and motioning to the nuns and scholars to move on, swept out of the chapel with the stately steps of an empress.

The door closed noiselessly, and for an instant or so stillness rested on the dim little chapel, and

the faintly burning light of the altar lamp seemed to burn brighter in the dark loneliness of the place. The door suddenly opened, and the Superior entered, not erect and unbending as she had been a few moments before, but bowed and trembling. She approached the altar and laid herself down on the steps in quiet but deep anguish. No groan escaped her lips, her eyes were closed, but no tear fell from them.

"Full desertness
In souls, as countries, lieth silent bare
Under the blenching, vertical eye-glare
Of the absolute Heavens."

The moon that had just risen shot in soft beams through the altar window, and as they played around the richly decorated altar and laid placidly down on the tessellated pavement, flecks of rich hues mingled with their silvery radiance, forming the sacred chord of color, "blue, purple, and scarlet mingled with silver and gold," as in the curtain cord of the old Jewish Tabernacle. Just at that instant a childish voice burst out in a strain of delicious melody,

"Haurietis aquas in gaudio
De fontibus Salvatoris."

The Superior listened and said to herself: "Can it be that the angels are speaking to me? No, my extreme sorrow is driving me mad. And yet why not? It may be so. We are told that if we ask in faith we shall be heard; and have I not prayed earnestly for some answer?"

The child-voice sank lower and lower, then commenced again at the beginning of the hymn, "Cor Arca," just sung by the Abbess and nuns, and went with gentle wavering through each verse. A holy calm passed over the suffering woman's face as she knelt on the altar steps, with her hands crossed reverentially over her breast, listening to the words of the hymn that spoke such sweet consolation to her;

"Quis non amantem redamet
Quis non redempta deligat,
Et Corde in isto feligat,
Æterna Tabernacula."

When the child-voice reached the "Decus Parenti et Filio" she united her own powerful voice to it, expressing thus her gratitude and rapture. Just then the door of the chapel opened and the nun who was called "Sister Benedicita" entered.

She hastened up to the Superior in a troubled, anxious manner, saying, "My poor friend!"

"Hush, Julie!" replied the Abbess, in a low voice, filled with awe. "At last I have been heard. There is a God, for one of his angels has been singing to me."

At that moment a light tripping foot-fall was heard, and a little form was seen stealing out of the chapel door.

"Who is that?" asked Sister Benedicita.

"It is I, Regina Valentini," answered a little trembling voice.

"What are you doing here, child, at this late hour? The dormitory bell rang long since."

The little girl hesitated, then coming close up to the two religiouses said:

"Oh, sister Benedicita, do not scold me. That beautiful hymn!" She stammered, and in a broken voice added: "I forgot that you had all left the chapel."

By this time the Superior understood it all.

"It was you then singing?" she asked abruptly.

"Yes!" answered the little shy girl, in a whisper.

"Go to the dormitory, Regina," said Sister Benedicita, coldly. "This must never occur again. To-morrow you shall take your stand beside me in the choir. Go! do not delay any longer."

The little girl stood undecided, moved slowly off, then stopped, tried to speak, and failing, burst out into a free child-like flow of tears.

"What is the matter?" asked the nun, impatiently.

"I do not know," sobbed out the poor, excited little creature, "but I want to sing and I cannot; I want to sing like Signora Madre, and I do not know how;" here her sobs burst out with renewed strength.

Benedicita said not a word, but taking the child by the hand, walked with resolute steps out of the chapel through the corridor, and up the stone staircase that led to the dormitory. As they reached the entrance a nun met them and said:

"Ah, Sister Benedicita, Regina has then been with you. We have had quite a hunt for her."

"No, Sister Cécile," replied Benedicita, "she remained in the chapel after vespers. You must take more care in future, and not leave any laggards behind after service."

The dormitory sister looked vexed, but made no reply to this reproof, and took the little Regina by the hand to undress her; but Benedicita, with a calm grace, said:

"Pardon, permit me to do this part of your duty to-night. I wish to be alone with the child a little while."

Benedicita entered the little division set apart for Regina's sleeping place, which, like all the other beds, was fenced in and made private by white curtains hanging from iron rails near the joints of the vaulted ceiling. By this time Regina's excitement was stilled by the nun's quiet, undemonstrative manner; but her little heart was gushing over with love for the apparently cold woman; her childish instincts, as clear and truthful as those preceding death, told her that Benedicita was tender and good.

The nun undressed the little girl and superintended the performance of all the neat, orderly regulations of the dormitory; they also recited the litany of Our Lady of Loretto together; then when Regina's little head rested on the pillow, Benedicita drew the covering kindly over her, and knelt again on the hassock beside the little pallet in silent prayer. The child lay still under the magnetizing influence of the nun's presence, her short, nervous breaths grew longer and calmer, her eyes closed unconsciously, and

her little spirit floated off to a beautiful dream-land, where she was nestling in dear Sister Benedicita's arms, and the tall, cold Signora Madre was kissing her, and every kiss seemed like a beautiful melody.

Two or three days passed, and Regina was not noticed by the Abbess or Sister Benedicita. She was a timid, shy child, and felt half afraid and half ashamed to look at either of them. She hoped they had forgotten her foolishness, and at matins and vespers she would kneel and, covering her face and head with her little pinafore, stop her ears with her fingers, that she might not hear the glorious voice of the Abbess which always affected her so deeply.

One day Sister Benedicita and the Abbess passed her in one of the thickly shaded walks of the convent grounds. They came upon her before she saw them, for she was busily occupied in listening to a bird's song, and was trying in a shrill, piercing head-note to imitate the carol. The bird sang out louder, as if in rivalry, and the child rang out triumphantly her imitation, and clapped her hands in merry exultation, as she found suddenly she could command her throat sufficiently to make these head-notes vibrate in a piercing trill. She turned and saw the two religious listening to her, and frightened at being caught in her innocent amusement, made a shy reverence, and bounded off down an adjoining lime-walk.

The next day she was summoned to the salon of the Abbess, and tremblingly took her first lesson; but she had to leave the room in what she considered direful disgrace, because when the Abbess told her to come daily for the same purpose, instead of thanking her for her condescension, she burst out into what Sister Benedicita called silly cry-baby tears.

For some time Regina's awe for the Abbess and the listlessness of the religious herself prevented much advancement, but this soon passed away. The girl had been taught the first rudiments of music by the old priest who trained the choir, therefore the Abbess was spared that drudgery; and it was lucky for Regina that she had some knowledge, as probably but for that, she would not have received much benefit from the lessons, for the Abbess had just that knowledge which genius aided by high culture possesses, she could fashion the plan and add decoration, but she could not lay the heavy blocks of the foundation.

The old priest was a good musician and trained the choir children carefully on the *canto fermo* of the Gregorian chants. He divided his class into two parts, and, on the great fasts and festivals of the church, accustomed them to sing the antiphon so justly and beautifully, that strangers came from far and wide to hear the music of this little Silesian convent chapel. It was one of the few places where could be heard the "*Missa Papæ Marcelli*" of Palestrina, composed nearly a hundred years before their day; and on great festivals Regina always sang at the Offertory one of Marcello's Psalms, of which the old priest was an ardent admirer.

The foundation of her voice being thus firmly laid, the Abbess' part of the work grew to be a great pleasure to her. She opened to the delighted girl the more varied and brilliant music of the stage. Metastasio's operas were then in vogue. Vinci's music of the "*Didone Abbando-*

nata," so expressive of wild, ungovernable love and despair; the cold, classic "*Semiramide*" of Porpora; and Caldara's lyric "*Olimpiade*," gave the enthusiastic young musical student subjects for delightful labor. So her days passed in the simple performance of her duties, studies and music, until she reached the age of fifteen; then an occurrence took place, which altered or developed the future of her life.

Regina was an orphan. Her father had been an Austrian officer of inferior grade, who during a station at Naples had married there a young Neapolitan. Regina was born in her mother's native place, and had seemed to inherit from her place of birth, as well as her mother, one of those musical organizations peculiar to the inhabitants of Southern Italy. Soon after her birth her father was ordered to Graetz in Upper Silesia, where he remained four or five years. When Regina was still a child, her mother died, and her uncle, an old Canon, placed her in the school of the Ursuline Convent at Graetz.

After her mother's death, her father removed to Dresden, where he married again; and as he soon had a growing family, the old Canon uncle supported the little motherless girl at the Convent school. Her father had died a few years after his second marriage, but when she was fifteen she met with a heavier loss, in the death of the kind old Canon. He had no money to bequeath her, and she had to be sent to her step-mother in Dresden, as he had requested before he died. The prospect of her leaving the Convent caused almost as much sorrow to the nuns and scholars as to herself, for she was dearly beloved by them all.

"If she only had a *vocation*," said sister Benedicita with a sigh, "then her future could be blessedly settled."

But poor Regina had no *vocation* for a religious life, although she was a good religious girl, too honest also to embrace it for interest. With a heavy, aching heart she prepared to go out into and face that dreadful world, that they were all taught to fear so much in the Convent. The nuns and girls showered tears and caresses on her, and Benedicita told her if the world laid too heavy a burden on her, to remember that God's yoke was easy and His burden light, and the Convent would always be a happy, peaceful home to her.

She took her leave of the Abbess alone in the little salon, which had been the scene of her delightful studies for so many tranquil years. The Abbess had altered very much in this time, she had grown prematurely old, and seemed very near another state of being. There was no softening or tenderness accompanying her debility however, she seemed only to grow harder and more stern. She was one of the race of Kohath, and had borne her Ark of discipline with bowed head, and eyes blind to the glories of the Tabernacle sorrow. No one but Benedicita knew the cause of her stern grief. No breath of her past had swept into that retired abode. The snow-drift that had chilled her world-life had cut it off even from memory, and so complete was the silence that no one ever knew, even whether it was her own shame, or another's sin that had caused this unending penance of grief. She rarely talked to Regina, but on this their last meeting she said more than she had during their whole intercourse. She gave her in hurried words excellent counsel.

"Regina, if your new home proves disagreeable, and your relations ungracious, if they feel and show that you are a burden to them, and you wish for a means of support, I will tell you of a way. Go quietly to some Director of a Theatre, sing for him, and then ask him to find you employment. Great wealth has been made by such voices as yours—but—" and here the Abbess' eyes flashed, and her frail body shook, as she added in a stern voice that startled Regina, while she held the girl's wrist with a vice-like grasp—"but, for God's sake, child, remember that in this career I am pointing out to you, stand fearful temptations and horrid sin. Poor thing! you cannot understand me. Alas, we only teach of sin here, in a way that children never know what world sin is. Regina, the devil in the world is not a hideous monster; he will present himself before you in forms more beautiful and attractive than the blessed angels in the altar picture. Take care and remember my warning. Your voice will give you luxury and fame, but do not let it drag you down to degradation."

"See here—you remember this *Salve Regina*," in the "*Didone*." Sing this to any musical Director; go through the whole passage as I have trained you; sing it and act it as you do to me, and he will engage you immediately. Then they will dress you in fine clothes, put you on a place larger than the church altar from which the Bishop preaches at Whitsuntide, before a greater crowd than you have ever seen; but do not be afraid: forget your clothes, forget the crowd, and imagine you are here in this little convent parlor with me, and"—she added in low, solemn words that Regina never forgot,—“and I shall be with you, not in the flesh, but in the spirit, and when this glorious hour comes, and your voice is making you famous, let me see that your heart is unsoiled, your virtue unsoiled."

Only one month after leaving the Convent, Regina Valentini was standing in the salon of the Director of the Court Theatre at Dresden. She had found her home sad enough, the step mother harsh and exacting, and her step-sisters jealous and overbearing. They put on her the most laborious duties, and treated her more like a domestic than a relative. One day, when worn out and discouraged with her forlorn life, she wrapped a mantle around her, and went to the residence of the Director Mingotti, who she had heard was the Chief of the Royal Theatre of the city.

Although only sixteen, she had a fine good presence. The healthy, regular life she had led at the Convent, united to a naturally vigorous constitution, had developed her finely. Her height was above the ordinary size, her movements graceful and her carriage erect. She had a full, well-developed chest, fine breadth of shoulders, and her head was set on her neck with the classic air of a Greek ideal of Juno. Her face was good, not beautiful, but expressive of natural feelings, warm emotions and intelligence.

"I have come," she said to the Director, with a frankness that arose partly from her unsophisticated nature, and partly from her young, reckless despair—"I have come to ask you to hear me sing. The Abbess of the Ursuline Convent at Graetz, where I was educated, told me when I left her, that if I needed to earn my living, to go to some Musical Director, and after he had heard me sing he would give me employment."

"What can you sing?" asked the amused Director. "Some Church hymns of course, and may be an Italian Canzonetta or two."

"Oh yes," she answered, with forced gaiety, for her spirit was too weighed down to resent his half playful indifference, "Church hymns and Canzonetta—plenty of them; here is a Canzonetta I sang before I could speak; my mother, a Neapolitan, used to sing me to sleep with it."

And seating herself at the spinnet she sang "Venus' Eloge," a passage from Predieri's "*La Pace fra la Virtù e la Bellezza*." As she finished it, noticing the Maestro's pleased look, she glanced up at him archly, and with mad-cap gaiety struck off the "*Dogni costume*" from the same popular, dramatic poem of Metastasio, the music of which she had composed herself. Every phrase was filled with saucy, bewitching caprice, and the last line of each verse ended with the trilling carol she had caught from the birds in the convent garden.

"Bene, bene," cried the Director, "your rôle will be comic," and he made her repeat it.

"Now," said the girl rising from the spinnet, "now that I have broken the ice, and do not feel afraid of you, let me sing you something worth hearing. Have you the *Didone Abbandonata* of Vinci?"

He handed her a manuscript score of the Opera, she turned over the leaves rapidly, until she reached the spirited passage, "*Son Regina*." Then placing the score on the harpsichord, said, as he was about hunting for a duplicate copy of the passage:

"Never mind the music for me. I know the whole opera as well as you do. But accompany me, and if you have a voice, sing that passage preceding the '*Son Regina*.' I have never heard a man sing in all my life, but old Padre Pio, who croaks like a raven—I wonder if you all do?"

The playful, authoritative air of the girl amused the Director, and as he had a tolerable voice, he sang the opening passage she had requested to hear. Playful and merry as Regina seemed, she had "a well of tears back of her eyelids," and a heavy, aching heart in her throat; but she had a sturdy, enduring spirit, that motherless girl, and she drove back the tears and choked down the heart. She listened to the Maestro's singing with delighted surprise; it produced a novel effect, and filled her with fresh inspiration, for it developed to her more fully the character of her own part. When he finished, her glorious voice soared out in that rich old music of Vinci's "*Didone*." The room fairly trembled with the force of the outpouring notes. Her own wrongs, and youthful, impatient despair, and proud, independent nature seemed to find an expression in the haughty words Metastasio has put into the lips of the beautiful but unfortunate queen of Carthage. The Director listened with surprise to this inspired girl. When her last note ended, he rose from the piano, and taking the hand of the now trembling girl, kissed it reverentially.

"You are a divinity," he said, "I have never heard such a voice; neither '*La Romanina*' nor '*La Faustina*,' both of whom I know well, and have heard sing this opera repeatedly, can sing this passage equal to your execution of it."

"You can find me employment then?" she asked, with a faint attempt at a laugh, as she brushed off some hot tears from her flushed cheek.

"Find you employment!" he cried—"Mon Dieu! Yes, and when you are the Regina of the opera, do not forget your first admirer, Director Mingotti."

"Oh, you shall always be my prime minister, I promise you," answered the delighted girl, half sobbing, and trying to laugh to hide her emotion.

"How many parts do you know?" said Mingotti, trying to divert her thoughts, by getting her interested in conversation. "Come sit down here, and tell me of your training. Who taught you?"

Regina told him her whole history, and the good, warm-hearted Director became doubly interested in her. He found on examination that she would only need a little practice at rehearsals, to rub off the awkwardness and novelty, and also to accustom her to the sound of the instruments. Old Porpora was then in Dresden, and the Director immediately engaged him to train Regina for the stage. Her *début* was hurried on, in order to have it over before the return of Faustina and her husband, the celebrated musical composer Hasse, who were the Court musicians, off on *congé*. The Director and Porpora decided that her first appearance should be in her favorite "*Didone Abbandonata*."

The *début* was successful, and she recalled to many present the triumphs of "*La Romanina*" in the same opera nearly twenty years before. And no wonder, for the two women sang alike under the influence of powerful personal emotions; "*La Romanina*" expressed in it her hopeless love for the cold, ungrateful lover-poet Metastasio. Poor Regina sang for her life, her future, and as the anguish of her forlorn, desolate position pressed in on her, it gave a tone of pathos to her singing that touched every heart.

Her future was as brilliant as her *début*, and it belongs to history,—to the history of great artists. She became almost immediately a powerful rival of Faustina, Hasse's wife; and this rivalry came very near injuring her materially in the outset of her career. Hasse, when he composed his music of the "*Demofoonte*," knowing that Regina had to sing a rôle in it, wrote a very difficult air for her, and to test her still further, he made the accompaniment of only *notes pincées* on the violin, hoping that her voice, unsustained by the harmony, might wander, and thus she would lose her self-possession. She was so charmed by the beauty of the melody—"Se tutti miei mali"—that when he showed it to her she overlooked the snare and accepted it with enthusiasm; but her friend, the Director, discovered the trick, and the young *prima donna*, thanks to the early training of Padre Pio, and the *canto fermo* of the old chants, was enabled, by a little close study, to make of the intended ruin, a new triumph.

She remembered also other lessons more valuable than the *canto fermo* of the Padre,—the stern warnings of the Abbess. Although in her new career it was not required of her to be a vestal or a Lucretia, she chose to be a virtuous woman. She married soon after her first appearance the Director Mingotti, it was said—not for love, but whether for love or gratitude, she and her husband were faithful and honest to each other, and always lived happily together.

Though remembered now only by the student of musical biography, one hundred years ago she was one of the most famous singers in that bril-

liant circle of great artistes, who sang poetry as beautiful as their music, for they had a Metastasio to write their librettos. It was Regina Mingotti who, when she went to Madrid to sing for Metastasio's friend, the great Farinelli, who was Director there, had to have her residence out in the country, that the eager public should not hear her practice.

She led a happy, prosperous life, and retired from the stage early with a handsome fortune, and a public reputation as brilliant as her private was pure. In Metastasio's life, in Dr. Burney's works, the life of this great and good woman can be gathered up in beautiful bits. Fétis also gives a pleasant little sketch of her; and in the Dresden gallery is a charming pastel portrait of her by Rosalba, which a friend described to me with an enthusiasm so earnest, that it prompted me to write this sketch of the good and lovely *prima donna* who flourished so grandly and purely in that far-off hundred years ago.

ANNIE BREWSTER.

Music Recorders—Three in the Field.

The *Christian Inquirer*, New York, gives the following full and authentic description of the ingenious invention of the Rev. Mr. BOND, to which we have already referred:

Clock-work, similar to that used for telegraphing, is imbedded in the vacant space at the left of the keyboard, which seems to be just fitted to contain it. This clock-work may be kept entirely out of sight, only accessible by a key-hole for the purpose of winding it up, and may be put in operation or checked by means of a stop close to the keyboard. A ribbon of paper, ruled similarly to common music paper, which is wound upon a reel, is drawn by the clock-work at even rate under an inked cylinder. Under the piano, and to be entirely out of sight in an instrument constructed for the purpose, is a set of levers, equal in number to the keys of the piano. These levers converge till they meet in a straight line under the inked cylinder, each being connected at the extremity of its long arm with its corresponding key, and having at the extremity of its short arm a point turned upwards; or, if connected with a black key, a double point. When any key is struck in playing, a point, or double point, as the case may be, presses the moving paper against the inked roller, and makes a mark, or a double mark, longer or shorter, according to the duration of the note, after the manner of the manifold letter-writer, and on its proper line or space, each sharp being represented as in common notation, on the same line or space with its corresponding natural.

Any piece of music, whether slow or rapid, is registered with mathematical exactness, and it is manifest whether the notes are staccato or sustained.

The use of this Recorder of Music to the composer is obvious. Amateurs, also, good improvisors, will be able by it to record their music as fast as played; and the transcribing afterwards into common notation will be little more than a simple mechanical operation, which, if desirable, can be given to others to perform.

It is, also, worth suggesting, that, as the record made is strictly accurate, and whatever is played is found in black and white, a performer can criticize his own playing at leisure, and correct his own errors, or the teacher can receive by mail or otherwise a sort of daguerreotype of the pupil's execution, or a mamma can see whether her daughter, during her absence, has accomplished faithfully the task of practicing given her.

The above description we have the pleasure of publishing from the pen of the inventor, Rev. H. F. BOND, formerly of Dover, N. H., and now residing in Wisconsin. The instrument may be seen at O. Ditson & Co's music store, on Washington street, Boston. The invention is a complete success, and it promises to be very useful.

At the same time the *Brooklyn (N. Y.) Transcript*, tells us that the same end had already been accomplished by an ingenious musician of that city. We should be pleased to see some precise description of the Brooklyn recorder. Meanwhile, we presume that both inventions were original and independent of each other. The real problem to be solved is not

whether the machines have done what they proposed to do, but whether it is practically of any use when done. Nothing can settle this except the trial of the instrument, for a length of time, by genuine musicians, men who have "ideas" or "inspirations" worth recording. Here is the Brooklyn article:

The above is not so great a novelty in this region as it seems to be in Boston. Mr. EDWARD WIEBE, a musical professor in Brooklyn, has a similar contrivance, which he arranged and used some years ago; but which he has not thought it worth while to get patented, because the use of it would be confined to the few who improvise music, in those rare moments when "the divine afflatus is on them." As nearly as we can judge from the description, Mr. WIEBE's arrangement is identical with Mr. BOND's, and he can doubtless substantiate the priority of his invention. If Mr. BOND has secured the *profit* of the invention, Mr. WIEBE is entitled to the honor, and to the use of his own arrangement. Mr. WIEBE has great fertility of invention. His "Musical Scale Building Indicator" has come largely into use in our schools, and is found to be of very great service in elucidating the mysterious relations of *major* and *minor*—flat and sharp. It shows the whole thing at a glance, and shows it, not (as learners often think) an arbitrary arrangement of some human system, but the simple, natural, necessary law of the one fixed scale of tones which Nature has given us. Mr. WIEBE is not only a thoroughly scientific composer, and a man of fine musical taste, but a truly inventive genius, with a clear eye to the practical and useful, as well as to the beautiful. He is now about bringing into use an improved method of displaying advertisements in cars and other public conveyances, upon which he has been employed for some time, and which, we think will be found very attractive and profitable, and introduce a new era of movable fancy announcements.

Our friend WILLIS, in his *Musical World*, notices these two inventions. His article concludes as follows:

We agree with the idea, of course, that the use of such a recording instrument would be limited: there being but comparatively few musical improvisers. But this should not prevent the full completion and perfection of a very valuable instrumentality for the recording of sweet tones and subtle conceits. Like Maelzel's metronome, it might sometimes, at least, subserve a very desirable and valuable end. There are some men who are singularly felicitous in improvising, but whose *afflatus* seems more or less to desert and play them false the moment that pen and ink are brought into requisition. Wm. A. King, for instance, is a very subtle improviser on the organ (and it just occurs to us that such an invention were much more valuable for organ than piano, that noble mechanism being the most musically-suggestive of all instruments,) but well as he actually writes, Mr. King's printed notes are always—in our estimation—inferior to his unwritten ones.

Touching the question of priority of invention between Mr. Bond and Mr. Wiebe, let us make mention of another circumstance. Last winter, before the death of the lamented Dr. Gerald Hull, we met at the Dr.'s house on the Fifth avenue, his friend Mr. PAUL AKERS, the eminent sculptor. Mr. Akers, upon whose shoulders, we may be permitted to say, many competent judges, (among whom was Dr. Hull himself), think that the mantle of Crawford has fallen, seems to have applied his genius to the very same point—albeit, music is but a sister art to that which he professes. Mr. Akers mentioned to us modestly the fact, in the course of conversation, that he had invented and perfected a mechanism for the recording of improvised music on the pianoforte, and then asked our opinion as to its real usefulness to musicians and composers. This we briefly gave him at the time, and a day was appointed for the further consideration of the matter, and for some explanation as to the details of his invention. But urgent business having called Mr. Akers away from the city, the subject has not since been resumed.

Now, it would be an interesting thing to compare these three inventions, (Mr. Bond's, Mr. Wiebe's and Mr. Akers'), it being a curious, and yet not unusual occurrence, that a simultaneous movement is suddenly made in the same inventive direction—as would here seem to be the case.

Debut of Mme. la Ferussac.

The *New York Saturday Press*, one of the liveliest and raciest of our exchanges, thus describes the benefit affair, about which manager STRAKOSCH has seen fit to lecture the ladies of New York Upper Tendon,

or "Upper Pre-tendom," as a Philadelphia paper has it.

There has been a great row, in the papers and elsewhere, because the benefit of the Woman's Hospital Association and the debut of Madame la Comtesse de Ferussac (née Thorn), didn't attract over five hundred people—stockholders, free-list, and all—to the Academy of Music on Tuesday night. The *Times* and the *Tribune* abuse the public for not coming on this occasion. The *Herald* laughs at the whole affair, and the manager polishes off the lady-patronesses in a rather sharp card. The amiable director accuses these Upper Forty-nine of making false representations to him, whereby he is a loser to the extent of \$878 (eight hundred and seventy-eight dollars), [*Cré nom!* Is there so much money in the world for anybody to lose?] and suggests that when they next have an attack of philanthropy they shall pay for it out of their own pin-money.

Now, so far as the lady-patronesses are concerned, Strakosch is right. Beyond lending their names, they took no interest in the matter. They were willing to help Madame de Ferussac to a debut, which was all she desired, and they did not care much for the Hospital—less for the manager; if they had, they would have pursued the plan, and carried the war into the enemy's country. Heavy Cavalry, in the shape of grizzled dowagers, would have charged upon the banks and bankers in Wall Street. The Light Artillery of young brides would have played unceasingly upon Beaver Street and lower Broadway. The Zouaves and Chasseurs d'Enfer, married coquettes and piratical widows, would have carried the enemy's outposts and picked off his officers. The Light Infantry and Bread and Butter Brigade would have met him with the bayonet over the breakfast table or at the threshold of the drawing room. No man's porte-monnaie would have been safe for a moment.

But no. Nobody cared about the matter, and so it was a fizzle. Then, too, it was whispered about that the debutante was never handsome, and was no longer young. This, alas! was too true. Madame de Ferussac must have been born before the great fire, when all the ladies in society first opened their eyes on this mundane sphere.

And I don't think the public is so much to blame, after all.

The public is good enough. It supports hospitals enough. Without doubt it will support the Woman's Hospital. But is there any moral obligation for a man to go to the opera on a hot night, and be bored, for a charitable purpose?

Does not the charity in this case begin at home?

It strikes me that it begins and stays there.

As for Madame la Comtesse, she has a light and very sweet voice, hardly powerful enough for the Academy. At times, she could scarcely be heard. The opera—the *Puritani*—is a very difficult one, as all the work for the prima donna comes at once. Still Madame managed to get through it creditably. She has been well taught, and sung with taste and always in tune.

I do not think that her voice is sufficient to command success; and, to speak mildly, she has no other recommendation.

We append, as a curiosity, the

CARD OF M. STRAKOSCH.

To the Public:—I regret exceedingly that I am obliged to state that the performance which was given at the Academy of Music on Tuesday, for the benefit of the Woman's Hospital Association, was not only unproductive to the funds of that deserving charity, but that it resulted in a loss of over eight hundred dollars to the manager. I feel called upon to make a brief statement of the facts connected with the management of the performance alluded to above:

1. I have now under my management one of the finest opera companies in the world, led by two magnificent artists as *prima donne*. With Madame Cortesi and Madame Colson as my stars and the artists joined with them, I have given the opera to good and paying houses.

2. I was requested by several ladies occupying high positions in New York society to join them in a benefit performance for the Woman's Hospital. As the attraction on their part, they wished me to arrange for the debut of a distinguished amateur—a lady of this city, who was presumed to have strong claims upon the public curiosity. She had kindly placed her services at the disposal of the committee for this occasion.

3. I remarked, incidentally, that the public of this city was not to be relied upon for the support of amateurs, however distinguished; and that such being the case, I thought I ought to have some guaranty for my expenses. Whereupon the ladies replied that they would use all their influence in favor of the project, and so secure its pecuniary success. Further, it was suggested that if their names should appear as patronesses of the affair, there would be no doubt that an audience would be assembled which would be large enough to leave a handsome sum after the expenses had been defrayed.

4. It was finally agreed that, although the expenses of the opera under my management amount to \$1,500 nightly, I should receive first but \$1,000. The receipts, if any above that sum, were to be divided between the Hospital Association and myself, I taking the risk of the \$500 expenses not secured, while the association, or the lady patronesses, assumed no hazard whatsoever.

5. The result was that the gross receipts of Tuesday evening amounted to only \$622; leaving me a loser to the extent of

\$878. Further, that the majority of the ladies whose names appeared in the advertisement not only neglected to exert themselves to bring about a favorable result to my efforts, but did not lend their personal presence to an affair which they nominally patronized.

These facts for the public, to whom I, as every other manager must look for support. To the charitably disposed, I would respectfully suggest a study of the plan pursued in the matter of benefits for the poor by the aristocracy of the European capitals. The patronesses in those cities take as many as twenty, thirty, fifty, and sometimes one hundred tickets, pay for them, and sell them or give them away, thus providing something for the poor, and securing the manager, who is sometimes even in a worse condition, peculiarly speaking, than the special objects of charity.

Regretting exceedingly, both on account of the Association and my own treasury, that the affair of Tuesday should have been so unproductive, I remain the public's obedient servant.

MAURICE STRAKOSCH.

German Song Festival at Cleveland.

The eleventh annual Festival of the "North American Saenger-Bund" was held at Cleveland, O., on the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th inst. The first day was given to the reception of the singers; and in the evening Flotow's Opera "Alessandro Stradella" was performed at the Theatre by the male and female members of the Cleveland Glee Club, Herr JOHN OLKER being leader of the orchestra. The theatre was crowded, and the performance is pronounced a great success. The chorus consisted of nearly one hundred persons, and "no hired performers could approach the enthusiasm with which they performed their parts."

The second day (Wednesday) was devoted to rehearsals. In the evening a grand Concert by 400 singers, accompanied by a full Orchestra, under the direction of Prof. F. ABEL, with the following programme:

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------|
| Part First. | |
| 1—Jubilee Overture..... | C. M. Von Weber. |
| Orchestra. | |
| 2—A night at Sea..... | Fichuerch. |
| By all the Singers and Orchestra. | |
| Part Second. | |
| 1—Overture. "Summer Night Dream"..... | Mendels-ohn. |
| Orchestra. | |
| 2—Warrior's Scene..... | E. F. Fisher. |
| All the Singers and Orchestra. | |

The exercises of the third day are thus described by the *Cleveland Herald*:

The Prize Concert at the Theatre, Thursday afternoon, was a brilliant affair, evoking a musical display, rarely equalled in any part of the country. The Concert commenced by an instrumental performance by Jung's Band, Pittsburgh, and closed by the Pittsburgh Union Concert Band. Both gave excellent music. The following companies actually sang on the occasion:

Tiffin Bruderbund, Sandusky Mozart Quartet, Buffalo Liedertafel, Akron Liedertafel, Erie Liedertafel, Buffalo Saengerbund, Columbus Maennerchor, Dunkirk Germania, Pittsburgh Frohsinn, Wheeling Maennerchor, Toledo Saengerbund, Alleghany Teutonia, Detroit Harmonie.

The singing of all was good. The Buffalo Liedertafel, a well dressed and remarkably gentlemanly appearing company, sang the "Night Song" with exquisite taste and harmony. It was rapturously encored. The Akron company sang "The Bee and the Flower," and were loudly encored. The humming of the bee was capitally imitated. The Buffalo Saengerbund were also encored. The bass solo was splendidly executed. The "Singer's March," by the Columbus Society, was as spirit stirring a song as could be heard, and it was difficult to keep from marching to it. The Pittsburgh Frohsinn were encored. The Polka by the Toledo Saengerbund was excellently sung, and obtained a decided encore. The Society is only a year old, but has made fine progress. They are a fine looking company. The Alleghany Teutonia received a merited encore. The Detroit Harmonie were enthusiastically encored for their song, "Wandering at Night," which was one of the gems of the Concert. The general feeling was that the Buffalo Liedertafel were ahead. Messrs. ABEL, GEORGE, and HENRY LANGSDORFF, were the judges:

THE BANQUET.

The Grand Banquet took place in the evening. National Hall was very tastefully decorated for the occasion. An arch of evergreens extended over the pavement in front of the building. The Hall itself was decorated with paintings, flags and evergreens. A platform immediately over the entrance from the stairs was hung with the elegant banners of the different Societies. Across the Hall was a large picture of Liberty, and pictures of four eagles, bearing inscribed scrolls, were displayed around the walls. Upon the picture of Liberty was the following inscription:

Don Giovanni.

21

This musical score is for a piano accompaniment, likely for a scene from Mozart's opera Don Giovanni. The page is numbered 21. The music is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of eight systems of staves, each with a treble and bass clef. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The dynamics *p* (piano) and *f* (forte) are used to indicate changes in volume. The score features a variety of musical textures, including arpeggiated chords, sixteenth-note passages, and sustained harmonic support. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the eighth system.

No. 6.
Aria.
Hò capito.

Allegro di molto.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with the tempo marking "Allegro di molto." and the dynamic "f". The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with various dynamics and trills. The vocal part includes trills and crescendo markings. The score is divided into eight systems, each with a piano staff and a vocal staff. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with various dynamics and trills. The vocal part includes trills and crescendo markings.

Two systems of piano accompaniment. The first system consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The music features a series of chords and moving lines. Dynamics include *cres.*, *f*, *cres.*, *f*, and *p*. The second system continues the accompaniment with similar textures and dynamics.

No. 7.
Duettino.

*Là ci darem
la mano!*

Two systems of piano accompaniment for a duettino. The first system is marked *Andante.* and features a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 2/4 time signature. The music is characterized by a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more melodic line in the treble. Dynamics include *p*. The second system continues the piece with similar textures and dynamics, ending with a double bar line.

Allegro.

p

tr

p *ff*

No. 8.

Aria.

Ah fuggi il traditor.

Allegro.

p *ff*

Sancta Libertas,
Helliger Strand, dich halt' ich!
[Sacred Shore, I keep thee.]

The scrolls held by the four eagles bore the following inscriptions:

Und so finden wir uns wieder
In den heitern bunten Reih'n,
Und es soll der Kranz der Lieder
Frisch und grün geflochten sein.—Schiller.

[And so we meet again in these joyous various groups,
Let then the wreath of songs, fresh and green, be twined again.]

Das alleinige Streben nach dem Nützlichen ziemt nicht dem
guten und edlen Menschen.—Aristotle.

[To strive for the useful alone is not worthy of good and
noble men.]

Es schwinden jedes Kummers Falten,
So lang des Liedes Zauber walten.—Schiller.

[Every sorrow's wrinkles cease,
As long as the magic of the song reigns.]

O walle hin, du Opferbrand,
Hin neben Land und Meer,
Und schling' ein ewig Liebesband
Um aller Völker her!—Herwegh.
(O rise then, Offering's holy fire,
Rise over land and ocean,
Embracing in unity and love
All the nations of the earth.)

At one end of the Hall was the inscription "WILKOMMEN!" At the other end was a platform over which was a large gilt harp crossed by a sword. Beneath this design was a large shield bearing the stars and stripes of America, crossed by a belt of gold, red, and black. On one side were deposited an oil painting on the easel, an engraving, palette, busts of Webster and Clay, a vase, globe, mathematical instruments, chemical apparatus, and three books of the Probate Court pertaining to naturalization of aliens. On the other side were an anvil and hammer, steam engine, plow and ship. Interspersed with these were branches of evergreens.

The tables were bountifully supplied with good things. Upwards of five hundred persons sat down in the Hall, and two hundred in the rooms below. A large number in addition could not find seats. The Hecker Band, under the direction of JOHN OLKER, occupied the platform over the stairs into the Hall, and played inspiring airs.

After the supper had been partially got through with, the speeches commenced.

Mr. A. THIEME said in German—Our Saengerbund is young yet, like America itself. The Union fills the want so keenly felt in this business country, to add to labor recreation, to the work of our heads the recreations of the mind. The German singers have first opened the way for it. (Bravo.) The speaker here referred to Orpheus, Arion, and the exercises at the Olympian games, to show that poetry and song were always honored. The German song, especially, has spread its influence all over the world; it is the tie uniting the Germans everywhere. (Bravo.) Festivals like the present are the principal points of German song and German manner of thinking, which is opposed for ever to Puritanism. The Germans are not foreigners here, being the warriors of liberty. [The speaker here referred to the pictures of liberty and the motto on the wall]. We spread cosmopolitan, human ideas; a singer of liberty must be a free man. To promote liberty and cultivate the mind by fostering the arts, the Singer's Union was erected as a concentrating point, and for that purpose we will keep it.

He then gave, in German, the first toast.

The Singer's Union! May it flourish and prosper, as a happy example of progress, to be followed by America.

The second toast:

Our guests. We can welcome them to a scanty festival only, but we hope they may feel happy and preserve a friendly recollection of the Forest City.

The third toast was—

The Union! The modern cosmopolitan State, which irrespective of creed or birth, hospitably opens its arms to all who desire to be freemen, and to help to solve the great problem of freedom; may it realize the facts of the great principles on which it is established.

Judge TILDEN rose to respond. He said that the sentiment of the toast contained an idea that was not new. It is inscribed on our national banner in the words *E Pluribus Unum*—many in one. This nation is made up of many nations. From all parts of the world they come to form the American people. The principal portion of our people, that portion of which we boast—the Anglo-Saxon race, are but descendants from the great German family.

The American people welcome you to their soil. You bring with you an element which is much needed in this country—an element which I see fully developed around me, to-night—sociality. Social feeling is sadly wanting among our people, and it is just that element that you bring with you.

Another thing in which you have the advantage of us is your physical development. We want your robust figures and hardy constitutions. One part of your mission here is evidently to round out and develop our Yankee frames. [Laughter and applause.]

It is a well known fact that Germans have better heads than almost any nation on earth. It takes fewer of them to fill a bushel than it does those of any other people.

No people on earth have grown so rapidly as the German race. During the past 400 years no nation has grown so rapidly in civilization as the Germans. The thinking of this world is principally done by Germans.

Judge TILDEN then instanced the names of Humboldt, Goethe, Schiller, and other great men of German history and literature as proof of the civilization of the race. He admired and revered the great Teutonic race from which we have all sprung. In the words of the motto on the wall, he bade his German friends "welcome."

Three cheers for Judge TILDEN were given on his taking his seat.

The fourth toast was:

Germany, our Fatherland! Threatened by Romanic and Slavonic tribes, while wanting her unity, she is in danger either of fighting again for a victory not followed by liberty, or of suffering a defeat inflicting deep wounds. May she pass unhurt through the approaching storms, and at last, throwing off her beggar's cloak of thirty rags, rise as a national unity and a powerful Republic, with a great and free people.

The reply was read (the author having suddenly fallen sick). "Our Fatherland is in danger during the present war. The temple of Janus has been opened by a tyrant, the murderer of liberty, who now appears under the banner of liberty in Italy. Russian armies are concentrated on the frontiers of Germany. Our Fatherland, however, must triumph in spite of all her enemies, in spite of the thirty-six birds of prey which have their nests in the oaks of Germany. The gigantic power of our country must be set free against the external enemies. We can defeat them only as a national unity. While we can only send across the ocean our best wishes, we go in not for the princes, but for the people; for unity, for liberty, not in Germany alone, but all over the world. May the last king's throne soon fall into pieces before the rising majesty of the people."

Immense applause followed the reading, and the band struck up the *Marseillaise*, which was sung with enthusiasm by every one present, and followed by thundering shouts of "Bravo!"

The fifth toast was—

Woman—not those who make dupes of their husbands, but those flames from which the privilege of energy, and love of liberty are nourished, those who verify the words of the poet,—Wherever they walk flowers spring up under their feet.

Responded to by Dr. HARTMANN.—Yes, the Women—Honor the women, they spin and weave, &c.; says Schiller, but that saying proves that not editors alone have the privilege of "lying like print." There is another popular saying, which, although not in verse, contains much truth; it runs thus: "Where the devil dares not to go himself he sends a woman!" Now we cannot deny that all the evil in the world has come from women; look around you, out of every ten poets, nine at least have been troubled to death by women; there is never a young genius trying to rise in the world, but is overpowered and kept down by some mishap in the shape of a woman; in short, there is so much evil done by women in the world, that a thousand abolitions, of a thousand years' length each, would not be sufficient to wash it off. We Germans have a singular signification in our language: nearly every bad is feminine. But then we have classed among women also some of the noblest virtues, even power and strength, and the giver of all light, the sun himself (or rather herself, in German, this being the only language where the sun is a feminine and the moon a masculine word), beauty, &c. It is certain also, that women have ever since the creation governed the world, that no civilization could go on but under the influence of women, and that we all more or less obey their dictates. How is that? Why, the female form is undoubtedly the finest in the world; for that reason it has been worshipped always. We, however, who are breaking down the idolatry of olden times, we will sustain woman's beauty rather in a spiritual view. In a beautiful body we worship a beautiful spirit. Beautiful is the woman attending to her household duties in pious simplicity, beautiful also is the mother educating her children in the fear of men and God, but more beautiful is that woman that comprehends her duty and brings up all her family not as slaves of some ism, but as true and free men.—This woman I eulogize in spite of all her faults, and hoping that all our ladies will take the hint, I invite all those present to drink with me the health of that woman.

Dr. HARTMANN's speech called out thunders of applause, and at the close, congratulations and shouts rang through the Hall. It was unmistakably the speech of the evening.

At its close the *Marseillaise* was again sung with enthusiasm.

All the speeches, except that of Judge Tilden, were in German.

It is impossible to convey any description of the exciting scene or of the enthusiasm of the Germans. Here a group would suddenly spring up, clink their glasses of Rhine wine, and with a shout would sit down again. At another part of the room some one would strike up a line or two of some national song, and a hundred would immediately join in, finish up with a "Ho!" clink glasses, and subside again. An immense quantity of light Rhine wine was despatched, but there was no drunkenness or quarrelling. At midnight we left them singing and fraternizing—the happiest set of fellows we ever saw together in such numbers.

The fourth day opened with an imposing procession of dragoons, Turners, Singing Societies, Bands, &c., on the way to a picnic at Wilson Park.—The crowd numbered thousands. Short speeches

were made by Mr. C. F. Baur, of Pittsfield, Mayor Senter, Hon. D. K. Carter and Charles Arnold.

The Singers' Prize, a handsome silver cup valued at \$50, was then presented to the Buffalo Leidertafel by Mr. H. LANGSDORFF, of Cleveland, one of the Judges, and received by Prof. ADAM, on the part of the fortunate Society.

Then commenced the fun and frolic of the affair. Every one went in on his or her own hook to secure enjoyment. Little parties seated themselves on the grass, sang songs, and drank lager out of glasses, ornamented cow-horns, and various quaintly devised drinking-cups. One party drank from a curiously designed porcelain boot of formidable dimensions when looked at in the light of a drinking-cup. Bands of music played in different parts of the ground, and occasionally one of them would start off through the grounds followed by a crowd of singers.

The Turners had fastened a pole between two trees, and on it executed numerous astonishing feats of agility. A jovial Teuton, seated astride a ladder, his head crowned with oak leaves, and having a lager keg in front of him, was borne proudly through the grounds on the shoulders of stalwart Germans. In front rode an enthusiastic singer on horseback, with two others holding on to the tip of the horse's bushy tail. In advance of all went a brass band, while a crowd of jolly singers brought up the rear of this strange procession, which paraded the grounds several times during the afternoon. Most of the German men wore wreaths of oak leaves around their hats, whilst the women, of whom a large number were present, wore oak-leaf scarfs.

In all that immense crowd—amid all that vast ocean of lager that was set running down the throats of the Teutonic assemblage, we did not hear of a single quarrel or disturbance, nor did we hear a single word of anger or insult.

The Festival wound up with a grand Ball. Twenty-one companies of Singers took part in the Festival, mostly in full force, with friends, making, in addition to the resident German population, many thousands of persons who kept those four days as a holiday. Beer and Rhine wine flowed freely, yet we do not hear of a single quarrel or disturbance in the whole time. Why will not Americans take a hint from such examples? When shall we too learn to know the meaning of the word *genial*, and begin to cultivate the art of living, as well as the arts of making a living?

Musical Correspondence.

WORCESTER, MASS., JUNE 20.—We passed a most agreeable evening last Friday, June 17, at Washburn Hall, at a soirée given by Mr. B. D. ALLEN, of our city, with the following programme:

PART I.

1. Piano Duo: Quintet No. 5 in A. Mozart.
a. Allegro; b. Larghetto; c. Menuetto; d. Variations.
2. The Twenty-third Psalm: for two Soprano and two Contralto voices. Schubert.
3. Pastoral Sonata for Piano Solo, Op. 28. Beethoven.
a. Allegro; b. Andante; c. Scherzo; d. Rondo.
4. German Songs. Robert Franz.
a. "Sterne mit den goldenen Füßchen."
b. "Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen."
c. Spring Song.

PART II.

5. Piano Solo; Scherzo e Capriccio. Mendelssohn.
6. Scene and Air from "Der Freischütz." Von Weber.
7. Piano Duo; "Overture to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Mendelssohn.
8. Angel Trio from "Elijah," "Lift up thine eyes." Mendelssohn.

It commenced with a Piano Duo by Mozart, very finely rendered by Mr. B. D. ALLEN and Miss ELLEN BACON. No. 2 was sung very neatly by Mrs. DOANE, ALLEN, WHITNEY, and Miss NELLIE FISKE. The next was splendidly played by Mr. ALLEN, who is one of the greatest players in the whole country. The three German songs, by Robert Franz, were sung sweetly by Mrs. R. S. ALLEN, but not with sufficient power. The Scherzo e Capriccio by Mendelssohn we never heard played better. Miss Bacon, we thought, gave it with much more

feeling and expression than a professional concert-giver a few weeks ago. Next came a scena and air from *Der Freyschütz*, most beautifully sung by Miss Nellie Fiske; it was decidedly the gem of the evening. The overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* by Mendelssohn was finely executed by Miss Bacon and Mr. B. D. Allen; followed by the "Angel Trio," from "Elijah," well sung by Mrs. Allen, Whiting, and Miss Fiske. On account of the storm there were only about eighty persons present. Much credit is due to Mr. Allen for so fine an entertainment.

LEIPZIG, JUNE 6.—Amidst all the political troubles and the consequent depression of business, Leipzig, during the past few days, has been the scene of some musical events which may be of some interest to many of your readers, especially such as have heretofore made this city a place of residence for the sake of musical studies and improvement. We have had a Convention of Musicians from different parts of the country, continuing in session from the first to the fourth of June. The convention had for an object the grounding of a society for the promotion of the cause of music in general, as well as a means of furthering acquaintance and friendship between artists. The means taken to reach this much to be desired end will be seen by the following programme:

June 1. Evening, Concert in the Theatre, under the direction of Dr. FRANK LISZT, and "Theater Capellmeister" A. F. RIECIUS. After the concert general meeting at the lower saloon of the "Schützen Haus," with a view to mutual acquaintance.

June 2. Morning, Private Matinée in the upper saloon of the "Schützen Haus" for members and guests, (not open to the public). Afternoon, in the Thomas Church, "The Græner Festival Mass," by Franz Liszt, under direction of the composer. Evening, Supper for members and guests in the upper saloon of the "Schützen Haus."

June 3. Morning, Lectures. Afternoon, Choice of a President, &c., with other necessary business. Evening, Bach's Grand Mass in B minor, under direction of Carl Rudel.

June 4. Morning, Concert for chamber music in the Gewandhaus. Afternoon, Lectures in "Schützen Haus." To close as festival performance in the theatre, *Genoveva*, opera in four acts, by Robert Schumann.

June 5. Morning, General excursion by means of a special train to Merseburg. Afternoon, Organ Concert in the "Dome," arranged by Director H. Engel, of Merseburg.

Although it may be dull to go back and repeat the particulars of several of the above general programmes, still I will risk it, as it has some interest, there having been an especially large place devoted to modern compositions and the "Music of the Future,"—so for the concert in the theatre.

PART I. (Under Riecius' direction.)

1. Overture "Meerestille und glückliche Fahrt." Mendelssohn.
2. Prologue: spoken by Mrs. Franziska Ritter.
3. Duo for Piano and Violin (B minor), by Fr. Schubert, executed by court pianist Herr von Bülow and concertmaster David.
4. Aria from "Benvenuto Cellini," by Berlioz, sung by Mrs. von Milde from court theatre at Weimar.
5. Overture to "Maufred," by Schumann.

PART II. (Under Liszt's direction.)

6. "Tristan und Isolde." Introduction, Manuscript, by R. Wagner. (The above is a new opera which has not yet appeared.)
7. "Der Hildebrands" and "Schön Hedwig," two ballads by Heibel; music by Schumann; spoken by Mrs. Ritter.
8. Duet from the "Flying Dutchman," by R. Wagner; sung by Mr. and Mrs. von Milde.
9. Two piano pieces, by Chopin and Liszt; executed by H. von Bülow.
10. Two songs by Robert Franz; sung by Herr von Milde.
11. Tasso, lamento e trionfo! symphonie poem by Liszt.

As this communication is intended as a report and not as a criticism, I will not take up space in lauding the many beauties, vocal and instrumental, of the above programme, or in remarking on some of the peculiar and not always understandable features of it.

All the performers received much applause, especially BÜLOW, whose performance is most wonderful he is said by many to be nearly equal to Liszt in his best days. As doubtless many of your readers know, he is Liszt's son-in-law, as well as pupil—his wife, as well as her mother, Mrs. Liszt, was present. In regard to the last piece on the programme, I have heard the criticisms of learned persons, which generally amounted to this: that they "liked it far better than they had expected to," which, although rather an equivocal compliment, still shows that there was something to admire. The instrumentation, as on all sides conceded, is magnificent, and on the broadest scale, nearly every instrument known to the modern orchestra being brought in. This is said to be one of the best, if not the best, of all Liszt's compositions of the kind. The finale which was generally admired, consisted of a choral melody which was treated almost independently with wind instruments, while the violins had a very rapid contrapuntal figure playing over and around it. He was called out three or four times at the close, during which time it rained bouquets thick and fast.

The private matinee of the following day was principally occupied by a well-known acquaintance of the Boston public, none else than ALFRED JAELL, now pianist to the king of Hanover. He has not grown a day older in appearance since leaving America, and is just the same devoted friend to the ladies as ever. He played a most beautiful trio in modern style for piano, violin, and 'cello, composed by Dr. O. BACH, from Vienna, who was present. DAVID and GREUTZMACHER satisfied all demands as to the rendering of the string parts. There was also a song by a Fräulein Ginst, from Weimar, music by Liszt, to Heine's poem of the *Loreley*, a really beautiful thing, and worth all the masses and symphonic poems put together. There was also a lady pianist whose name I have forgotten; she played a duet for piano and violoncello, with Grützmacher, music by Franz Berwald—neither the composition nor the execution of it was equal to the other numbers of the programme. The matinee was concluded by a concert piece, entitled *Hommage à Händel*, by Moscheles, for two pianos, executed by the composer and Alfred Jaell. It was splendidly played and was the more appreciated, that Moscheles has not been heard in public before for a long time.

Of Liszt's mass composed for the dedication of the Gran Dom I must say but little, as it is useless to attempt a description when the thing itself is nearly indescribable—like the symphonic poem it is instrumented for an immense orchestra, in this case with the addition of the organ—and to say the least produced an immense volume of sound. So far as the usual mass form and church style are concerned, this composition has neither. There is very little comparatively in the fugued style and that not carried out to any great extent. The mass, from all I hear, has not pleased much. It is worth something to see Liszt as Conductor—every muscle of his body conducts—he stands on one leg the best part of the time, from the fact that the other is generally occupied beating time—one moment he is out of sight sunk beneath his music desk, the next he shoots up in all his six foot proportions. One moment facing in one direction, the next in the opposite one; and to sum up, it is a great pity that Liszt's orchestral works cannot everywhere be given under the composer's direction. The supper in the evening in the beautiful saloon of the "Schützen Haus," was a grand affair, in which some four or five hundred people participated. The following names were made the subjects of toasts: The King—Schumann and his co-workers, Liszt, The Sing Society, The ladies present and absent, Moscheles, Rietz and Riecius, the leaders of music in L. The next evening was occupied by the performance of Bach's Mass by the "Riedischer Verein." Of this great work (in many respects Bach's greatest) I am free to admit that I am not far enough yet to understand its beauties and must give my decided preference for Handel, who stands nearly in that relation to England and America that Bach does

to Germany. Of the concert for chamber music in the Gewandhaus I give the whole programme as being one of the most interesting of the series:

1. Quartet in four fugued movements (Ma.) by Carl Müller, executed by the Minnigen Court quartet of the Brothers Müller.
2. Psalm (op. 27 No. 1.) by Ferd. Hiller, "By the waters of Babylon," &c., sung by Mrs. Dr. Rieclam.
3. Concerto in the Italian style, by J. S. Bach, H. von Bülow.
4. Sonata by Tartini for Violin; David.
5. "Leonore," Ballade by Bürger, composed by Liszt (Ms.) spoken by Mrs. F. Ritter.
6. Grand Trio by Schubert; H. von Bülow, David and Grützmacher.

In the Concerto by Bach there was opportunity to prove the truth of the assertion, that Bülow is one of the very few who can satisfy or entertain a modern audience with piano music of Bach's. He came fully up to his reputation in this particular, and was called out three times, but refused to play again. The opera "Genoveva," closed the week, and the musical events recorded, in the evening. It contains most beautiful music, but is very rarely given, as it is not calculated for the public; it was first brought out in Leipzig under Schumann's direction, and has I believe been given only here and in Weimar. It was merely gotten up for this occasion, and the different parts were well sustained and received much applause. So ended the musical part of this convention, which may be productive of great good. I have not as yet heard the result of the business meetings or when the Society is to meet next year. I hear Dr. BRENDL, editor of the "*Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*" is appointed President for the ensuing year. B.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 25, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the opera, *Don Giovanni*, arranged for the Piano-Forte.

Liszt Criticized by an Admirer.

We have had occasion lately to correct a false impression which has gone abroad, that the Lisztian compositions, in the large, ambitious forms, "*Symphonische Dichtungen*," &c., have created an enthusiasm among real music-lovers in this country. And we have uniformly, when it has fallen to our duty to report of these as they have chanced to come up in our concert-programmes, been compelled to confess our inability to recognize in them the real presence of the creative spark. To be sure our experience has been very limited, we have not yet had one of his orchestral works performed here with an orchestra, but only in his own four-hand arrangements for piano. In each instance the whole thing was tedious, overstrained, unedifying; whereas any work of Beethoven, or Schubert, or Mendelssohn, which had imaginative thought and beauty in it, is sure to charm you and excite you in the merest outline copy of a pianoforte arrangement. Such, we believe, has been the general impression with regard to Liszt. As much as all admire him as a wonderful executant; as the most skilful, sympathetic, delicate and powerful interpreter of the creations of the men of genius; as a splendid instance in his own life of a high Art enthusiasm, the chivalric head of the musical knight-errantry of our times, and the generous expounder and advocate of the genius of his friends, as Chopin, Franz, and others;—still we have had no experience as yet, in listening to his compositions, that has run at all counter to the general opinion of intelligent musicians: that the creative faculty has been denied him, quite as distinctly as the genius of interpretation has been given him. With all that our young and ardent pianists of "the Future" have tried to do for us, we have

not so far been able to "experience a change"; and all the "revival" they have yet succeeded in getting up in this country exists wholly in the imagination of the Leipzig editor, from whom we copied a few weeks since.

But it is well to listen to all sides. Liszt has been having a three days' ovation recently in Breslau; and the *Breslauer Zeitung* reports of what was done. We translate a part of it. The writer is HESSE, one of the first of living German organists, after old Johann Schneider of Dresden. He is plainly a friend and admirer of Liszt personally, as generous and accepting as he can be in his criticisms, and what he writes, therefore, may be regarded as the utmost stretch of generous concession which a solid, sensible musician, brought up upon Bach and Mozart and Beethoven, could make, after impartial, friendly hearing and examination, to the new works.

On the 9th of May, a grand concert was arranged in the Schiesswerder Hall, by Herr Dr. Leopold Damrosch, in honor of, and with the cooperation of, the Court-Capellmeister Herr Dr. FRANZ LISZT. Liszt, the great, genial master of the Piano-forte, who with his achievements on this instrument alarmed the world, gave eleven concerts here in Breslau in the year 1843, with ever increasing success. He electrified his hearers by such playing as no one had shown before. Whoever thought to give himself up to his playing with the calm and comfortable feeling that he would to the performances of Hummel and other masters, was greatly mistaken. Liszt transferred his moods to the piano. He screwed up the feelings of the hearer to a pitch of feverish excitement, but he allowed them also to subside occasionally. We were at that time so fortunate as to be daily in his presence and admire his magical play. His repertoire was multifarious, he played all masters.

We will not waste words about his gigantic technique, his art of singing on the instrument, &c.; these are well-known things; thousands have heard him. But we cannot forbear alluding to one composition; we mean his "Reminiscences from *Don Juan*," one of the most genial of piano pieces. We lament for any one who has not heard him play these reminiscences. The marble guest on horseback, the insinuating *Don Juan* with his *La ci darem*, the struggling and at last consenting Zerlina, the Champagne song, &c., all this did Liszt pass before our minds in such a way that we forgot Liszt, concert hall and all; one awoke from the performance as from a blissful dream. Four times we heard this piece by him, and always with the same emotions.

That Liszt's active mind should finally grow weary of the virtuoso career, although he reaped in it the highest triumphs, is no wonder: he longed for another kind of activity. He fixed his abode in Weimar, where he was called to the office of Court Capellmeister, and now appeared as the creator of greater works. It is well known what opposition his direction has experienced, and we frankly confess that we too hitherto have not been able to sympathize with this direction. We love euphony, and have always had a holy horror of hardness, even in a Bach and a Beethoven (in his last works); we are more fond of those works of those masters, in which too violent assaults upon the sensibility of the ear do not occur; but do not understand us by any means as saying, that the fourth movement of the ninth Symphony, for instance, does not thrill us to the centre of our soul by its sublimity.

You will perhaps smile at our confession of faith, will call us a pedant, a schoolmaster; we must bear it patiently. As to Liszt, we have read through his scores attentively, have found much in them that goes against the grain with us, but at the same time also much that has appealed to us and inspired us with a

great respect for the composer's geniality. "Les Préludes," for example, pleased us very much.

But to return to the concert. As Liszt stepped up to the conductor's desk, he was received with a triple *fanfara*. Schiller's poem, "To the Artists," composed by Liszt for men's voices, soli, chorus and orchestra, opened the concert. With joy and from our heart we must confess that this composition by its noble keeping, its beauty, sublimity and superb climax, took deep hold on us. What a glorious conception of such precious words! The execution was worthy of the composition. It ended amid loud applause. It was followed by Beethoven's ever young and precious Violin Concerto, which Dr. Damrosch played with much understanding and fine execution. . . . Liszt had taken the direction of the orchestra and striven in the rehearsal for a very delicate accompaniment.

"Tasso" (*Lamento e trionfo*), a Symphonic Poem by Liszt, now followed. One who hears this work, which contains much that is grand and beautiful, for the first time, will often feel his ear affected hardly, and there is much to which we ourselves, after four times hearing, cannot become reconciled; this we confess frankly. At the same time we must, after careful readings of the score, confess as freely our high appreciation of the often powerful intentions of the composer. Abrupt harmonic sequences startled us rudely; we could not reconcile ourselves to them; but the entire Cantilena in A flat major is full of grace and charm; and there is a fine intellectual grace in the *Allegretto mosso* in F sharp major, which afterwards, when the composer has again stirred up all the passions in the recurrence of the *Lamento*, returns triumphantly in C Major in the *Allegro con Brio*. The *Moderato Pomposo* and the *Stretto* are brilliantly effective. The work was received with tumultuous applause. The last piece of the evening was the ninth Symphony of Beethoven. . . . Liszt was serenaded after the concert in front of his hotel.

On the following evening a Soirée at a private house was held, when compositions of the newest composers furnished forth the feast. We have only room to translate what Herr Hesse says of Liszt at the piano.

Dr. Damrosch and Liszt now played Chopin's *Nocturne* in C minor (op. 48), in a quite glorious and deep-felt style. The composition too was very beautiful in this form. The irresistible enchanter, Liszt, remained seated at the piano and gave us one of his *Etudes* in D flat major, which is extremely interesting, graceful, and altogether charming in point of harmony. The tones of embellishment thrown into the figures, ringing like those of a glass Harmonica through his magical touch, made a peculiar stimulating impression on the nerves. The master's *Pianissimo*, which we have only heard equalled by Chopin, the infinitely various nuances of his touch, the fabulous elasticity and swiftness of his long stretched fingers, the beautiful tone-colors which the instrument assumes under his hands, all these excellent peculiarities wrought so powerfully upon his hearers, that the restrained jubilation burst out after it was ended. Then he played a waltz, and then a greater one after Schubert's themes from the *Soirées de Vienne*. We know this very neat and graceful piano piece: but how did Liszt play it? He made it half as long again by incidental variations; he displayed in it a fabulous degree of technical execution; he scarcely looked at his hands, but turned to the bystanders with piquant, jocose marginal glosses, which he made upon the composition and upon his playing. To see him sitting there, and watch his peculiar head and intellectual face, the unlimited monarch of the keyboard, making sport of the maddest difficulties, and yet never for a moment changing the calm position of his body, any one would say, that such an artist nature, as this of Liszt, exists only once.

THE MUSIC RECORDER. — We have received the following communication from Mr. BOND, the inventor of one of the three instruments referred to in another column.

DEAR SIR:—There seems to be some contention as to priority in the invention of a Music Recorder. I desire to say for myself that, until the time I obtained a Patent, I had no knowledge of any such instrument or of any attempt to construct one. I was then directed to a description of a Music Recorder in the London Journal of Science, which was invented as far back as 1836. It is very unlike my instrument, yet it prevents me from claiming as original the main idea of recording notes by means of levers on a moving strip of paper. Other things quite as essential to make the machine of practical value, I do claim; as for instance, the place it occupies in the piano, the manner in which the paper is ruled, the mode of distinguishing sharps and flats from the naturals, the application of the ink, the apparatus for marking the bars, and the way in which the swell of the pedal is represented. The English invention does not appear to have been successful. Nobody here has ever seen it. Yours truly, H. F. BOND.

Musical Chit-Chat.

Our friend TRENKLE has returned to Boston, not we are sorry to say, much benefited in health by his sojourn in the South. He has resolved to try the California climate, and there is much room for hope that that will restore him. His loss in the musical world of Boston will be sorely felt. . . . All the Italian singers and players of the several opera companies united in a grand day and evening performance on Wednesday, in New York, in aid of the widows and children of their countrymen who shall have fallen in the patriotic cause of Italy. Mme. GAZZANIGA, a native, it is said, of Voghera, mentioned in the late battle of Montebello, is very ardent in the cause, having already contributed 2,000 francs to it. We are glad to hear that a movement is on foot for a repetition of the performance here in Boston. . . . A musical Festival, of classical orchestral music, on a large scale, was held in the Philadelphia Academy last Monday evening. There were three conductors, who conducted each a part, viz.: Messrs. SENTZ, MEIGNEN and Dr. CUNNINGTON. The programme must have lasted into the short hours. It included the *Eroica* Symphony; the piano Concerto in E flat, of Beethoven, played by Carl WOLFSOHN; the violin Concerto of Mendelssohn, played by Carl GAERTNER; three overtures (Weber's "Jubilee," Cherubini's *Deux Journées*, and Mozart's *Zauberflöte*); a finale from *Lohengrin*, and four vocal pieces. The orchestra contained over forty stringed instruments; the audience was large and the performances highly satisfactory.

The Cincinnati "Cecilia Society" gave its seventh concert on the 16th inst. The music consisted of the first part of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and Gade's Oscanic Cantata of "Comala." . . . Mme. BISCACCANTI had an enthusiastic concert last week in Bangor. One of the papers there, after indulging in no end of raptures, relates the following: (What, pray, is a "Grand-pupil?")

Just before the first appearance of Madame Biscaccianti, Madame Zimmermann ascended the platform, and spreading a small carpet strewed it with flowers amidst the rapturous applause of the whole audience. It was a worthy tribute of the *grand-pupil* of the great Mozart to the genius of one who honors with her song the sublime conceptions of its great masters.

A Berlin correspondent of the *Tribune* (perhaps our readers know him) writes:

Dr. Chrysander, well known in the musico-literary world of Germany as one of the first writers on musical-historical topics, is now in London, finishing the second volume of his very remarkable *Life of Handel*, the first volume of which appeared last season.

Of the final volume of Jahn's *Life of Mozart*, we have as yet no tidings. I doubt whether these four thick volumes will be found to have interest enough to make them worth translating into English; but public libraries ought to have them, since they contain a vast amount of information, not only upon Mozart, but upon all points connected with him.

Music Abroad.

London.

(From the Musical World, May 28.)

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—Owing to its great success at the first concert of the present season, Dr. Wylde judiciously repeated the Choral Symphony on Monday night, when the densely crowded state of the hall (St. James's) proved that the master-work of Beethoven had lost none of its attraction. The principal vocal parts were allotted to Madame Rudersdorff, Miss Stabach, Messrs. Wilbye Cooper and Weiss; and the execution, on the whole, was even better than before, the attention of the audience quite as marked, and the applause bestowed on each movement of the symphony quite as enthusiastic. The fact of two such performances of so elaborate and difficult a composition having taken place within so short an interval of time is not merely creditable to Dr. Wylde, but speaks well for the musical taste of his numerous patrons and supporters. The overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, and Mendelssohn's first piano forte concerto—played with wonderful spirit and brilliancy by Mad. Schumann (who was unanimously recalled into the orchestra at the conclusion)—were the other pieces in the first part of the programme. The second part was wholly devoted to Mr. Howard Glover's new dramatic cantata, entitled *Comala*, one hearing of which, imperfect and in many instances bad as was the execution, sufficed to show that the composer had treated his subject not only with the ability which has won him a distinguished place among contemporary musicians, but in a truly poetical spirit. When we say that the music is Ossianic, we by no means intend that, like the poetry it aims at illustrating, it is obscure, but that it is marked almost throughout by a dreaminess of character, occasionally by a sort of rugged wildness, perfectly in keeping with the theme. The gloomy personage of *Comala* (Madame Rudersdorff)—chiefly employed (like some Irish orator) in lamentations, maledictions, and denunciations, until death releases her (and the reader) from further anxiety—is graphically portrayed. Her first air, "Where art thou, Oh Fingal?" is plaintive and beautiful, and the scene in which she becomes lyrically frantic, on hearing from Hildallan (Mr. Weiss) of the supposed death of Fingal, extremely romantic and effective. Among other pieces that, even after a single hearing, may, without hesitation, be pronounced excellent, are the song of Melicoma (Miss Stabach), "Grey night grew dim along the plain," and the air in which Hildallan apostrophizes the weeping *Comala*—"What joy thus to behold his love." The dances, the marches, and the choruses are all, more or less, striking—the best of the last-named, perhaps, being the unaccompanied chorus of bards, "Where are our chiefs of old?" and the chorus descriptive of the tempest. The little music that accrues to Fingal (Mr. Wilbye Cooper) is chiefly declamatory. As in his *Tam O'Shanter*, Mr. Glover has striven to invest the music of *Comala* with a national turn, and both in the songs we have mentioned, and in nearly all the incidental music, certain peculiarities of the Celtic style of melody, without being plagiarized, are successfully imitated.

HERR JOACHIM'S CONCERTS.—The third and last of Herr Joachim's very interesting performances took place yesterday evening, and was even more successful than its predecessors. The programme—devoted, as before, exclusively to Beethoven—was as follows:—

Quintet in C, Op. 29.

Quintet in A minor, Op. 132.

Quintet in E minor, Op. 52.

Executants—Herr Joachim and Herr Ries (violins), Messrs. Blagrove and Webb (violae), Signor Piatelli (violinello).

The quartet in A minor, one of the so-called "Posthumous," was repeated by unanimous desire, in consequence of the extraordinary effect it had produced at the preceding concert. The quartet, Op. 59, completed the Rasoumowsky set, the other two having already been given. The three stages of Beethoven's productive career were thus each represented by a masterpiece. The execution was beyond all praise. No such quartet playing has been heard in London for years as at these entertainments; and last night, as if to make his subscribers regret that, for a time at least, they were to enjoy no more such intellectual treats, Herr Joachim surpassed himself. It is impossible to over-estimate the qualifications of this German violinist as an interpreter of classical music. To a manual dexterity which enables him to vanquish every difficulty with astonishing ease, he unites a style so noble, an expression so pure, and at the same time so thoroughly realizing all that the music is intended to convey, that, while the judgment is invariably satisfied and the severest taste conciliated, the ear is enchanted beyond measure. Never has playing so vigorous, passionate, and impulsive been combined with more faultless intonation, more sustained command of the gradation of sound, more brilliant and unerr-

ing execution. It is, indeed, no exaggeration to say, of Herr Joachim, that he can sing like Mario and fiddle like Paganini.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The event of the past week was the first performance this season of *Lucrezia Borgia*—an event always hailed with delight by the subscribers and the public, and always sure to attract one of the most crowded audiences of the season. With such a cast as Grisi in *Lucrezia*, Mario in *Genaro*, and Ronconi in *Duke Alfonso*, not forgetting Madame Nantier-Didiée, the excitement and the attraction are not to be wondered at.

The band and chorus were admirable from beginning to end, and Mr. Costa must have exclaimed, when he quitted the orchestra, "This has been a great night for the Royal Italian Opera."

DRURY LANE.—The first performance of *Don Giovanni*, on Tuesday, attracted an immense audience. The special features of the cast—as at her Majesty's Theatre last season—were the Donna Anna of Mdll. Titiens and the Don Ottavio of Signor Giuglini. If the other characters could not boast of such high names, at least they comprised, as far as was practicable, the *élite* of the Drury Lane company. Mdll. Victoire Balfé was Zerlina—her first appearance in the part on the English stage; Mdll. Vaneri, who last year made a favorable *début* in *Lucrezia Borgia*, supported the deserted and heart-broken Elvira; Signor Badiali reassumed the part of the profligate nobleman; Signor Lanzoni undertook the Commendatore; and Signor Marini made his first bow at Drury Lane as Leporello. If the cast was not perfect it was no fault of the manager, since out of his materials nothing more satisfactory could be achieved. Mr. E. T. Smith, for instance—to cite a solitary example—could not imbue Signor Badiali with those numerous and indispensable qualities and qualifications so necessary for the true impersonation of Mozart's and Da Ponte's hero, and in which the popular barytone is manifestly deficient. Signor Badiali, however, stands in the same predicament with artists more celebrated than himself. Nature never intended him for the courtly, polished and fascinating gentleman, even if art had supplied all it could. We have had in our time but one Don Giovanni "native and to the manner born," and each year renders the hope of a successor more and more remote. In Leporello, on the other hand, we have been more fortunate. Lablache was only a shade less renowned in Leporello than Tamburini in Don Giovanni. Nevertheless, the legitimate successor of Lablache has been found in Ronconi, who, if he does not sing the music with equal power and effect, acts the part with as much humor and more subtlety.

Mdlle. Victoire Balfé takes the same view of the character of Zerlina, as Persiani and Bosio, and rejects altogether the bold interpretation given to it by Malibran and Mdll. Piccolomini.

MADAME SCHUMANN'S CONCERTS.—Madame Clara Schumann, who has already twice visited London (in 1856 and 1857), gave the first of three *matinées*, in conjunction with Herr Stockhausen, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Saturday. Although the audience, we regret to say, was by no means numerous, it was an audience of connoisseurs, able and eager to appreciate the merits of the celebrated pianist, and to enjoy the varied beauties of the programme she had prepared for them. Herr Joseph Joachim was the violinist, and the entertainment began with a performance (by Madame Schumann and Herr Joachim) of Beethoven's grand sonata dedicated to Kreutzer, which for energetic expression and vigorous execution could hardly have been surpassed. Of still greater interest than this, however—for reasons unnecessary to explain—was a duet (variations) for two pianofortes, the composition of Robert Schumann. In this Madame Schumann was assisted by her sister, Mademoiselle Marie Wieck; and nothing could be more perfect than the execution of the entire piece. The admirers of Schumann's music cannot possibly enjoy a greater treat than that of hearing it played by his widow, whose enthusiasm in this instance springs from a source entitled to universal respect. Not only those who assert, but even those who question, the genius of the late composer must admire the talent, while they sympathize with the devotion thus touchingly manifested. Mdll. Marie Wieck is much younger than her sister, but, so far as this one performance allowed us to form an opinion, she seems destined to do credit to the name she bears. Another piece by Schumann—a sort of *lied*, or song without words, for piano and violin—was admirably given by Madame Schumann and Herr Joachim, and followed by a so-called *ballade*, the composition of the German violinist, which strikes as much by its originality as it pleases by the quaint simplicity of its character. Madame Schumann also played a *scherzo* by Chopin, and some smaller pieces.

Special Notices.

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MUSIC BY MAIL.—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Emma Jane. Song. W. J. Florence. 30

Another number of the new series of Songs by the Florences, the first two of which (*The "Captain with his whiskers,"* and *"Johnny was a shoemaker,"*) are fast becoming popular. All of them are, in fact, cast for the mouth of the million.

The Diamond Cup. Words by Geo. M. Dowe. Music by W. A. Field. 25

A chaste and beautiful song, whose pure Christian sentiment cannot fail to elicit very hearty sympathy. The music is fine and will go far towards establishing this ballad as a favorite in the home-circle.

Bonnie Bell. Song and Chorus. H. S. Jaycox. 25

A pleasing Serenade for the open air.

Deep gaze to gaze. (Tief Blick in Blick.)

Carl Wilhelm. 25

A splendid song from the German, once the subject of innumerable Fantasias, Transcriptions and other arrangements. Young Alfred Jaell won some of his first laurels by a clever arrangement of this melody, which his nimble fingers executed in early concerts. Lately some distinguished vocalist has revived the song, and it now makes its second round through the musical circles of Europe.

Take my gift. Song. J. W. Cherry. 25

A nice parlor-song, not difficult.

Ah! why sing this song of pleasure? C. M. Tracy. 25

Pleasant, of a slightly melancholy character.

Instrumental Music.

Italian Medley. Charles Grobe. 25

A potpourri, introducing a number of the most familiar airs from Italian operas, arranged in a brilliant style.

Cheer, boys, cheer. Varied by Charles Grobe. 50

A set of spirited Variations on Russell's bold melody, which has become a national air of England, especially patronized by the army, ever since the Crimean camp nightly resounded with it, Grobe's arrangement is in excellent keeping with the spirit of the air and will become vastly popular.

Overture. I Capuletti e i Montecchi. (Romeo and Juliet). Bellini. 35

A standard overture, in an arrangement of modern difficulty.

New Bobolink Polka. T. M. Barrows. 25

Lieb Mary Mazurka. Franz Kielblock. 25

Summernight Waltz. F. B. Helmsmüller. 25

Star of the West Schottisch. F. Pannell. 25

Dance Music for piano players' recreation.

Books.

AMERICAN SCHOOL FOR MELODEON. By T. E. Gurney. With an illustration of the Position the Hands in playing. 1,00

Great care has been taken in the arrangement of the elementary studies of this work. The exercises and examples exhibit every phase of execution, a diligent practice of which will enable the pupil to perform with ease and accuracy any of the popular compositions of the day. The collection of Songs, Duets, Trios, Marches, Quicksteps, &c., comprise some of the very best, and have been selected with particular regard to the tastes and wishes of the home circle and social gatherings. This volume is, therefore, calculated for student or performer, equally valuable as a method of instruction and a favorite collection of music for the melodeon and all reed instruments.

